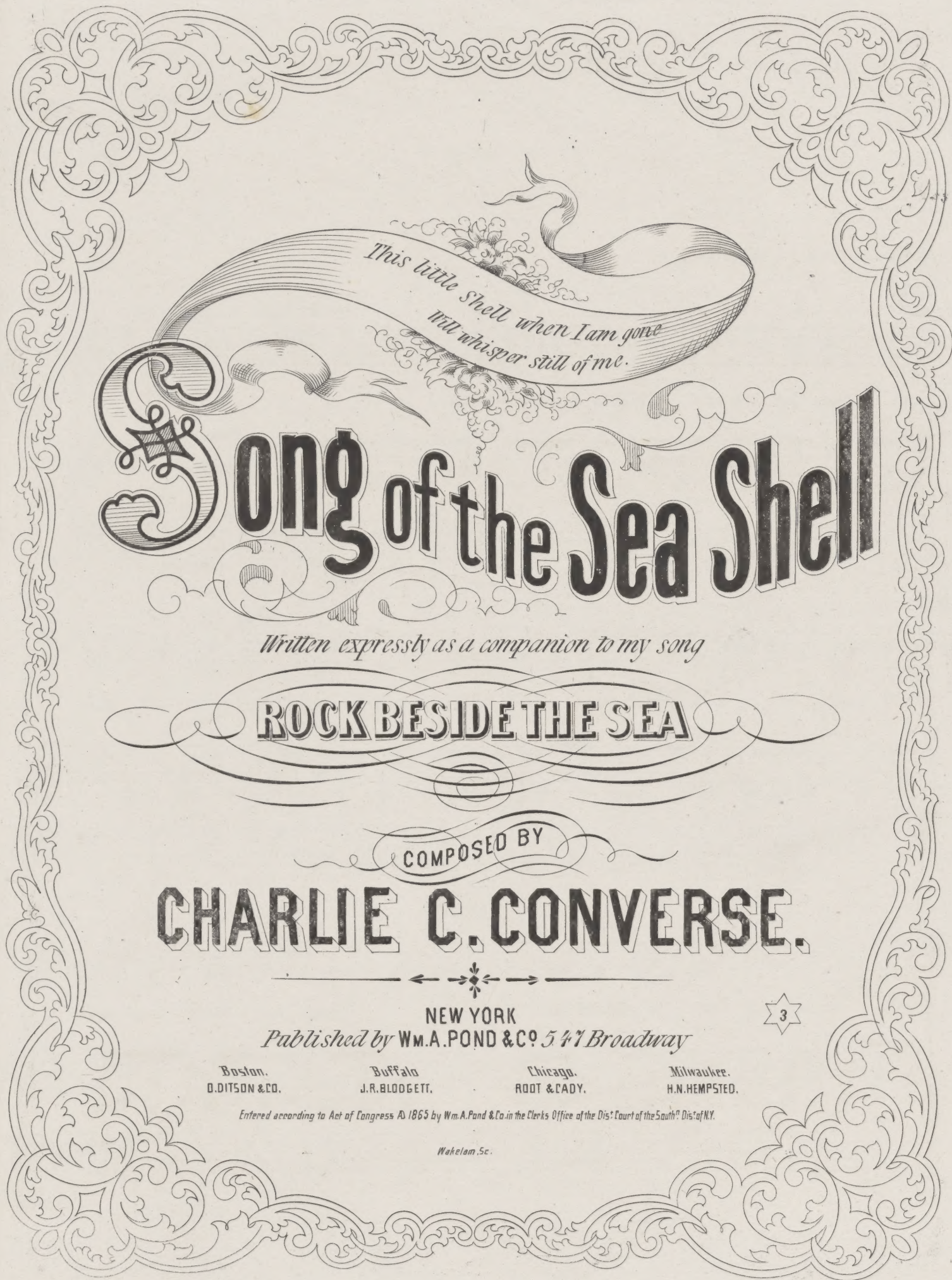
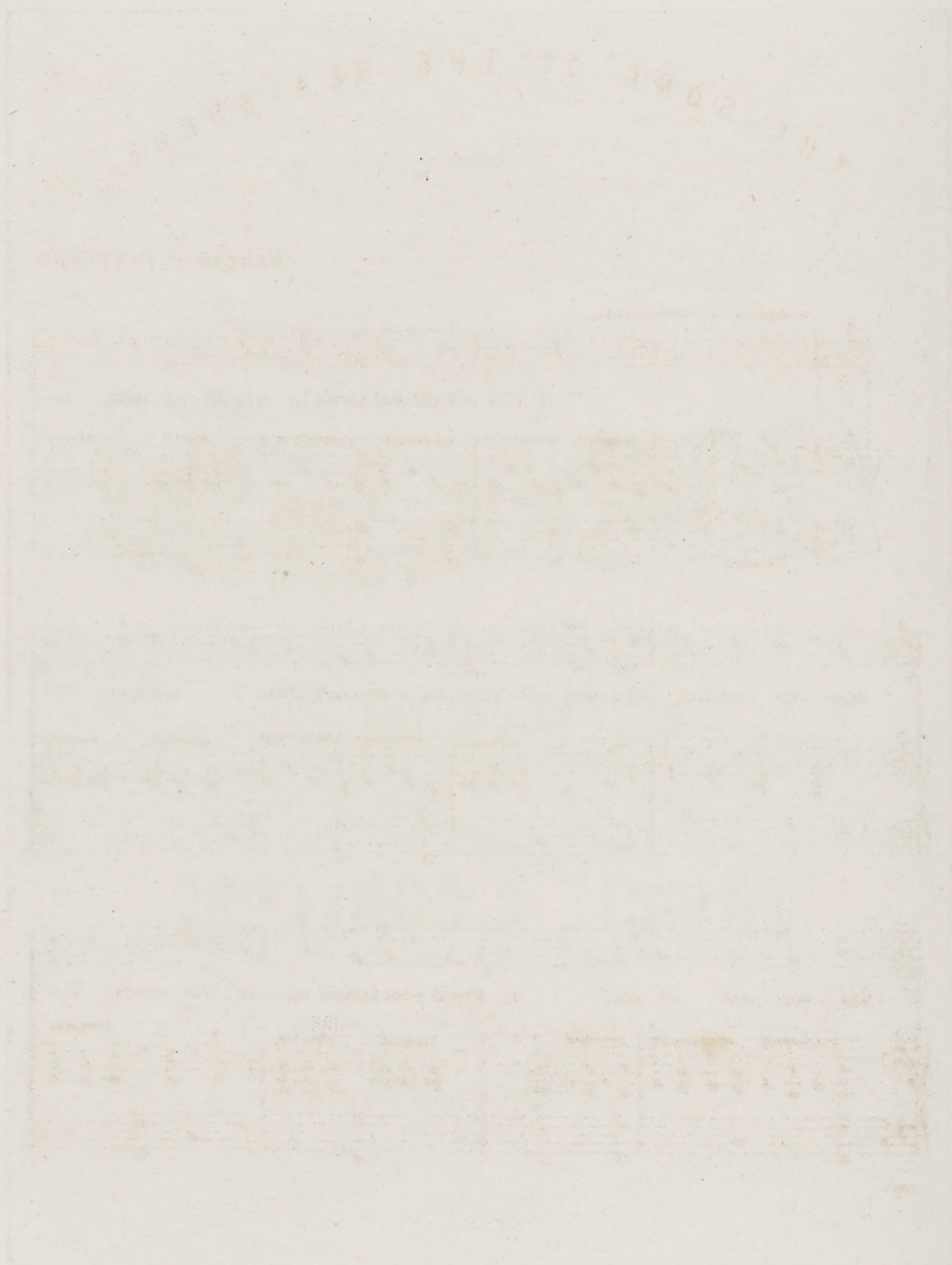






THE SONG OF THE SEA-SHELL.

CHARLIE C. CONVERSE.

Semplice e espressivo.

1. You stoop'd and pick'd a wreath-ed shell, Be-

- side the shining, shin-ing sea: "This lit-tle shell, when I am gone, Will

whis-per still of me." I kiss'd your hands up-on the sands, For

rall.

you were kind to me!..... I kiss'd your hands up -

rall.

rall.

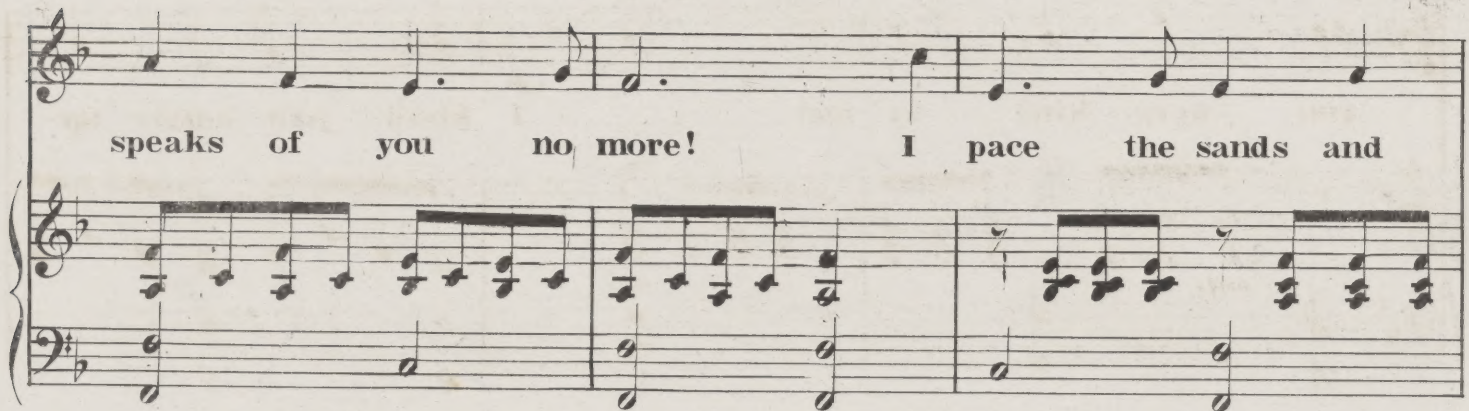
- on the sands, For you were kind to me!..... For you were kind to

rall.

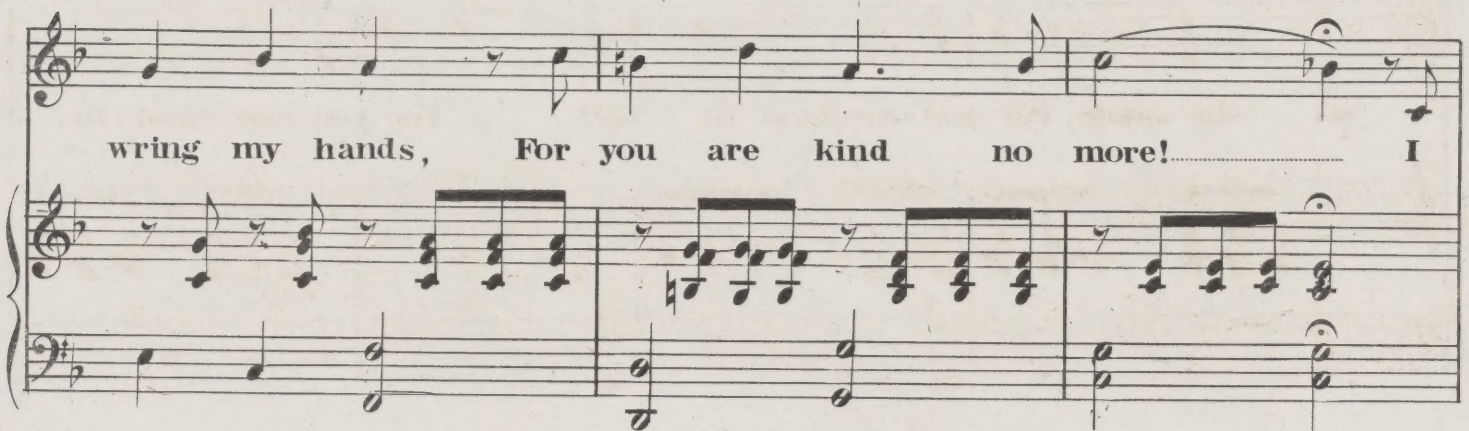
me! 2. I hold the shell a - gainst my ear, And hear its hol - low,

hol - low roar; It speaks to me a - bout the sea, But

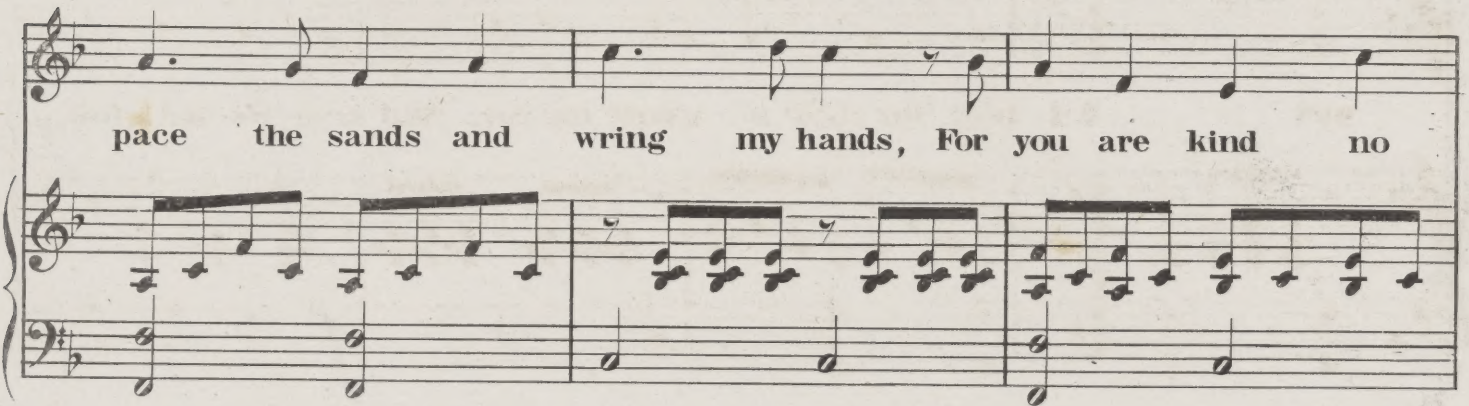
speaks of you no more! I pace the sands and



wring my hands, For you are kind no more!..... I



pace the sands and wring my hands, For you are kind no



more!..... For you are kind no more!

rall.

